René Kaiser

Julian and the Guardians of the Elements

Book 8

The Night of the Great Storm



Book 8 · English edition

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The Night of the Great Storm

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Earth · Water · Fire · Air

Together through a Long Night

Dear children and everyone reading aloud,

Orin has brought his building plans to camp. Now the rain is growing heavier. An old overflow meadow needs to receive water, but fine Stillglass threads hold its grass and channels fast.

Julian and Lio already know the four elements. The earth pebble, shell, clay shard and feather help with small tasks. They cannot switch off a storm. The clear key opens only the inner connecting courtyard, which remains closed at first.

In this adventure, messages are sorted, answers awaited and tasks shared. Adults check the dangerous places. The children may help, ask questions and rest. Even the Guardians need somebody to take over.

The 25 chapters continue the story from Book 7 and bring the stormy night to a close. Reading in order is recommended. You may stop while reading aloud and continue later. If a picture or sound feels too exciting, you can take a break.

Enjoy reading together!

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CHAPTER 1

Rain on the Camp Roof



Julian woke because somebody was drumming on a saucepan beside his ear. At least, that was what it sounded like.

He sat up. The saucepan stood perfectly still beside the bread box. Rain was drumming on the roof of the sheltered camp hollow.

Lio had tucked his nose beneath the tip of his own tail.

“I would like to request a quieter morning.”

At the entrance, Borun checked the posts. He had already secured a loose guy rope. Nela passed him the last hook. Nobody needed to go out into the dark forest to do it.

Julian pulled on his dry shoes. Orin’s drawing lay on the table beneath four cups. Blue lines led from the connecting courtyard to a wide hollow.

“The overflow meadow,” Orin said. “It needs to take water before the rain grows heavier.”

Julian touched the wrapped tip of the key in his pocket.

“And the inner courtyard?”

“Stays closed,” Sira replied. “First we check the water’s return route.”

Borun entered the agreed groups on the list. The children would help at the map desk. Routes could only be used with an adult, after that adult had checked them.

Piri put a dry cup in front of Julian. Her left hand was still bandaged.

“Breakfast first. A message doesn’t improve because its messenger’s tummy is rumbling.”

Lio lifted his nose. “That is a remarkably sensible message.”

CHAPTER 2

The Meadow of Grey Grass



After breakfast, the rain eased. Piri and Borun checked the broad path to the meadow. Only when the safe signal arrived could Julian and Lio join them.

Orin walked beside them. He carried a roll of tools beneath his arm. At the third waystone, he stopped and looked across the flat ground.

The grass in the hollow was grey. Fine threads shone between the blades. Although wind brushed over them, not a single blade moved.

“Stillglass,” Orin said. “I used it to hold the grass in place.”

Julian looked at the low edges of the meadow. Beyond them lay an empty basin of earth, rather than a village.

“To stop anything getting wet here?”

Orin nodded. “But this meadow was supposed to get wet whenever too much water arrived somewhere else.”

Borun checked the ground and set posts along a firm path at the edge. A cord kept the boundary visible to children and visitors.

Orin unrolled his tools. He held the small pair of pliers in his bare right hand.

“I know the fastenings. But I’d like somebody to check the channel as well.”

Piri called Borun over. Only then did Orin release the first thread.

A blade of grass bent. Beneath it appeared a dark patch of soil.

Lio sniffed from the path.

“A small beginning. At least it already smells like a meadow.”

CHAPTER 3

A Message Needs an Answer



Beside the path, Piri wrote three short sentences. Part of the meadow was clear. The deep overflow remained closed. Extra rope was needed at the third waystone.

Julian read the message back. Piri corrected him on one word.

“Extra rope. The barrier we already have stays here.”

He nodded and repeated it. Then they returned to camp together. Lio carried nothing in his mouth; he wanted to be able to speak along the way.

Nela received the note at the map desk. She put a small wooden clip beside the meadow.

“That means arrived,” she explained. “The second clip goes there only when Borun has answered.”

Julian examined the separate trays. Each group had one. It was much clearer than a pile of urgent notes.

Maris reported on the water channels. Timo had counted the dry supplies. With Aeris, Edda was checking the little signal sail beneath the sheltered ledge.

Borun came and read the message. He assigned two adult helpers to the rope. Nela attached the second clip.

“Now they know somebody really is coming,” Julian said.

Lio settled beside the map chest.

“And we don’t all have to ask three times.”

Piri smiled. Then she wrote the answer on the back. The meadow needed to receive it too.